

time, and I really hated it, but after two nights in diapers, I was the only one who needed changing. My aunt then decided that I was the one who should sleep in the youth bed they had had before the two boys got the full-size bed to share.

I was babied with bottles, bibs and diapers, until I soon realized that I was enjoying it. Ann, my third cousin, was put in charge of the baby, and she would make me drink warm bottles each day after school and take a warm bottle to bed with me at night. This assured me of awakening in a wet and sometimes messy diaper. Robert and Vincent admitted to me that they had wet the bed the first night in order to get me moved into another bed. They laughed, see-



ing me still in diapers months later.

Ann decided to toilet train me, and in order to make me use the potty at the right times, she would give me enemas. I cried each time she gave me one, but it was working because I would go to the bathroom after each enema. Most times, I would get punished at night, after my enemas, as I would always leave the potty too soon and end up dripping into my clean diapers. Ann would not change me until morning when this happened, and what a diaper rash I would develop! Ann would also spank me after these accidents, and Robert and Vincent would get to watch. I hated this but still had to take it.

Ann has promised to come up and visit in a month or so. I am afraid, but looking forward to her bringing a set of diapers for the weekend. I just know that one of the guys in the dorm will see me being diapered. I will write again after the visit.

*Mr. B.B.
Georgia*

BABY BOBBY II

Ann came to visit last week, and stayed for a whole week. She took a room in a local motel and, each day after classes, would pick me up on campus. I would get into the back of her van, where she would change my diapers. I was wearing diapers to class and Ann would change me, even if I did not need it. I would be given a warm bottle during the changing and drink it on the way to the motel.

At the motel, I would have to walk from wherever the van was parked up to Ann's room, wearing only diaper and bib. Oh yeah, I was also given a toddler size

pacifier to suck on, and would turn beet red if and when I was seen. Ann would also bring me down to sit by the pool in my diapers, while she swam. Mostly just kids would be there, but this still embarrassed me. Since I would not swim, Ann would make me lie down on a lounge chair and drink another warm bottle. Again, I both hated this and loved it at the same time.

I had gotten myself ahead in most of my classes but was falling behind in Psych 101. One afternoon, my professor saw me enter the van, and came over to comment to me. He knocked on the back door while Ann was changing me and she just opened the door right up. Upon seeing me, he acted as if I were a baby and directed Ann to explain what was going on. She invited him into the van so the baby would not catch a cold, and told him how she had babied me for the last five years. He was amused and has insisted that I write a paper for class in infantilism. I am still not able to face him and might drop his course.

Ann also took me to an amusement park, all day Saturday. I guess I was a sight, wearing short pants and a bib all day even though the temperatures stayed in the low 60s. Ann even took me into one of those baby rest stations to change me. They looked at us as if we were kissing, but soon led Ann to a private cubicle. Ann was using disposable adult diapers, and when she carried the dirty diapers out, all the workers were shaking their heads. They did allow her to warm my bottle on their heated stove and I, at least, had a warm lunch.

On her last night here, Ann took all of my undershorts out and

started a fire with them. She has shown me how to change these disposable diapers and, once a week, I go to Sears and pick up a package she pays for at home and sends to me. The lady at the package window has teased me about the first package already. I am glad to have my diapers back, but I know I will be caught in the dorm wearing them.

*Mr. B.B.
Georgia*

PISHY BABY

I am a twenty-eight-year-old male, high school graduate. My fetish started when I was quite little. I would take my baby brother's plastic pants and wear them under my pajamas at night, and sometimes all day at school, when I knew I wouldn't have gym class.

Throughout my childhood, I seemed to be satisfied with just plastic pants, in which I could masturbate. As I grew older, into a teenager, I started to buy adult diapers and plastic pants (not rubber) from Sears Home and Health Care catalogue. Since then, during the day, I just fantasize about getting home to put on my mass of clean diapers. I line the inside of the diaper with toddler disposable diapers, Pampers, for I drink fluids all day. By bedtime, I will have had to change my soaked diaper already. Once in bed, I wet even heavier; then I masturbate and fall fast asleep.

Through the years, I have searched for books and magazines on this fetish of mine, all to no avail until I spotted LETTERS November issue. As soon as I read Adult Babies on the cover, I bought it.

*Mr. D.K.
Tennessee*